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- ART. XI.—1. *History of Friedrich the Second of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. With Portraits and Maps.* Vols. I. and II. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858.
2. The same. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. pp. 485, 540.

“FIRST review your book, and then read it,” was Sydney Smith’s maxim. We are inclined to believe that a large mass of inquirers, who wish to know more than they do already of Frederick the Great, will, in the spirit of this maxim, content themselves with such digests of Mr. Carlyle’s volumes as they can find in English or American periodicals. The fault is less with the reader than with the writer. We can scarce name a more attractive subject for the historical student, than the rise to power of the Prussian monarchy,—a more remarkable study of human character, than in the early trials and training, the matured manhood, the ambition, the reverses, the splendid success, and the indomitable will of Frederick; and we regret that a work devoted to such a theme—a work from one of the greatest of English minds—should exhibit features sure to repel a multitude from its perusal. For our own part, we have carefully read Mr. Carlyle’s book, and have read it with admiration not unmingled with displeasure. We must utterly dissent from his judgment of Frederick William, the brutish father of the great warrior; and, fascinating as the work is upon the whole, we must enter our protest against its prevailing style.

We know that it is useless to quarrel with Mr. Carlyle on this last score; there will be no amendment for the future; it is a style which we should be quite unwilling to dispense with altogether; but it is at the same time inimitable and unworthy of imitation. It is Carlylese “crazed beyond all hope”; and in portions of the work, those especially treating of the rise of the Hohenzollern family, we have experienced intolerable vexation for want of a simple, direct narrative.

The two volumes already published serve but as an introduction to the life of Frederick the Great as king. They trace the growth of the state of Brandenburg from early barbarism through electoral dignity to monarchical power. Of the

numerous characters introduced, from petty counts to despotic kings, four particularly claim our attention, to the exclusion of others, our limited space forbidding a wider sweep of historic revision. These four personages, who all acted important parts in their time, are Frederick William of Brandenburg, the Great Elector, and the real founder of Prussia's might; his son Frederick, who in 1700 was crowned the first of her line of kings; his grandson Frederick William, the coarse and savage tyrant; and his great-grandson, Frederick II., who after a training of unparalleled severity displayed those qualities of commanding intellect which won for him the title of Great, and sustained him unconquered and undismayed through seven years of war with the combined powers of France, Sweden, Saxony, Austria, and Russia. We cannot follow in detail Mr. Carlyle's history of Brandenburg and the Hohenzollerns; how Henry the Fowler, A. D. 928, "marching across the frozen bogs, took Brannibor, a chief fortress of the Wends," and became the first of note among the Margraves of Brandenburg; \* how, in 1142, wrested from Henry the Lion, it was given by the Emperor Conrad III. to Albert the Bear, with the Electoral dignity; how Albert improved his fief, and built Berlin; how, with the extinction of his lineage, the fief escheated to the Empire, and was in 1323 presented by the Emperor Louis IV. to his son Louis, who married Margaret *Maultasche*, heiress of the Tyrol, and who defeated the attempt of the Emperor Charles IV., in 1347, to reunite it to the Empire; how, under Louis II., in 1356, the Golden Bull, promulgated as the fundamental law of the Germanic constitution, declared the seventh vote in the Electoral College to be for ever the hereditary right of the Brandenburg Margraves; how the territories were sold, in 1365, by Otho V., to the Emperor Charles IV., who gave them to his heir Wenceslaus, on whose accession they were transferred to his brother Sigismund; how Sigismund became in turn Emperor, sold them to Frederick, Count of Hohenzollern, the first Elector of his race, and an-

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\* "This of Markgrafs (*Grafs* of the Marches, *marked* Places or Boundaries) was a natural invention in that state of circumstances. It did not quite originate with Henry, but was much perfected by him, he first recognizing how essential it was." — CARLYLE'S *Frederick II.*, Vol. I. p. 56.

cestor of the royal line of Prussia; how the family adopted the Lutheran faith in 1539, and in 1618 John Sigismund, being the ninth Elector, inherited the Duchy of Prussia; how the reverses of the Thirty Years' War fell upon the imbecile George William, the tenth Kurfürst, whose disasters were finally repaired by the genius of Frederick William, the eleventh and Great Elector.

Frederick William, this eleventh of the series of Electors, on his accession, at the age of twenty, found his country at "about the nadir-point of the Brandenburg-Hohenzollern history." His territories had been utterly overrun and devastated during the progress of the Thirty Years' War; his father doing nothing and suffering much. To remonstrances, messages, and consultations in the midst of his troubles, the father appears to have returned but one answer: "*Que faire? ils ont des canons,*"—"What can one do? they have got cannon." Brandenburg, overrun by numerous hostile armies, was pillaged in turn by each, and the imbecile Elector in despair retired from the scene of strife, and shut himself up in Cüstrin. Meanwhile, each army, French, Swedish, or Austrian, trying to starve out the others, swept the land with fury. The Emperor's troops, living generally without commissariat, and often without pay, visited on the unhappy seat of war, whether at peace with its rulers or not, all the horrors of siege and battle. All Germany was racked and torn in pieces, and Brandenburg especially beheld its cities and towns sacked, its villages burned, its people slaughtered, its fields laid waste, and all these atrocities followed by such dire famine, that, in 1638, when the Swedes were starving out the Imperialists in the northwestern portions of the country, human flesh was eaten, and men and women murdered and devoured their own children. When the young Frederick William came to the command, he found his situation one that might dismay a veteran hero; but he at once manifested high qualities of valor and prudence. He could place no confidence in his counsellors or his captains; he was obliged to act with extreme dexterity to avoid offence to dominant powers; his father's prime minister, Schwartzberg, was devoted to the interests of Austria, and supposed even to be in the pay of the Emperor; and at his own acces-

sion the very commandants of his fortresses took no heed of his orders, the commandant of Spandau in particular telling him that he must in the first place obey his Hapsburg master. With extraordinary tact and talent he set warily to work to emerge from these difficulties, yet to maintain peace with Sweden and Austria; by degrees he raked together small sums of money for a revenue; by degrees he organized a body of soldiers to fight for him, and, what was better, to obey him. Little by little he advanced, gaining strength from experience, at times moving apparently in a circle, yet keeping his front steadily all the while to one object. His army gradually increased to twenty-four thousand of the best drilled troops in Europe; but long before they reached half that number, he had cleared his territories of foreign armies. By the peace of Westphalia in 1648, he acquired part of Pomerania and the rich "secularized" bishoprics of Halberstadt, Minden, and Magdeburg. At a later date, 1666, Cleve, Mark, and Ravensberg were assigned to him. He was essentially a man of peace, but a stern fighter when forced to take up arms. He was unwillingly dragged into the Polish-Swedish war (1655 - 1660); but once engaged in it, he won honor and solid advantage. He fought at first on the side of the Swedish monarch, Karl Gustav, the grandfather of Charles XII.; but after the battle of Warsaw he saw fit to change his alliance and join John Casimir, who, in return for this service, agreed to give up Poland's right to the homage of East Prussia,—an agreement confirmed by the peace of Oliva, made near Dantzic, on the 1st of May, 1660.

The countrymen of the Great Elector look back with especial pride on two of his achievements, one of them being the battle of Fehrbellin, fought on the 18th of June, 1675. Thrice in the annals of Prussia has the 18th of June been memorable in war. On the 18th of June, nearly two hundred years ago, Frederick William, marching swiftly by night with six thousand horse, twelve hundred infantry, and three guns, surprised and annihilated the central division of the Swedish army, each of its three parts numbering double his own force; on the 18th of June, 1757, Frederick the Great, with the loss of thirteen thousand men, was defeated by the Austrian

Marshal Daun, at Kolin ; on the 18th of June, 1815, Blucher at Waterloo avenged the carnage of Jena, and gave the final blow to the tottering fortunes of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The second exploit of Frederick occurred four years later. The Swedes had invaded Prussia in the dead of winter, 1678, and the enemy were more than four hundred miles from Berlin when the Great Elector set out to oppose them and relieve Königsberg, which was threatened. He, accompanied by his devoted wife, travelled rapidly, arrived in time to find Königsberg untouched, and on the sixteenth day of the new year, 1679, saw that it was of the utmost moment to get from Carwe, on the shore of the Frische Haf, a narrow and shallow wash making in from the Bay of Dantzic, to Gilge on the Curische Haf, about one hundred miles farther to the north. The road between the two places, passing through Königsberg, was circuitous and in very bad order, so that much time would be lost by the troops on the way. Frederick William was not to be daunted. Both the *Hafs* were frozen hard ; and, collecting all the sledges and horses of the district, he sent off a small army of four thousand men, who, scouring rapidly over the ice, fell upon the astonished Swedes at Gilge, routing and driving them northward. Before this event, which the Prussians cherish with great pride, Frederick had invaded Swedish Pomerania, conquered it, and taken Stettin and Stralsund ; yet he was not permitted to retain the territories, which were afterwards transferred to his successors. He also failed in his designs on Silesia, his claims not being allowed by the Emperor, and the seizure of that province by Frederick the Great led, in the succeeding century, to wars which desolated Central Europe.

The Great Elector was singularly happy in his first marriage, his wife being the Princess Louisa of Orange-Nassau, aunt to William of Orange, afterward king of England. They married young, and for love. She was witty, as well as beautiful, and her judgment was highly estimated by her husband. She often accompanied him in his wars, and he frequently left the sitting of his Privy Council to consult her on some important measure. Dearly as she had her husband's interests at heart, she must know everything that transpired,

and express her opinion. This at times vexed the Elector, whose temper was quick, so that his hat was dashed at her feet, as if to say, "Govern you, then, Madam! Not the Kurfürst hat, a coif is my wear, it seems." On her death-bed, when she could no longer speak, he felt upon his own three slight pressures of her hand, in farewell. Notwithstanding his strong affection for her, the Elector married again, his second wife, Dorothea, bringing him no great happiness. She had little appreciation of her husband's genius, and was a thorough matter-of-fact, money-making, economical woman, doing a great deal with a dairy and vegetable farm near Berlin, and chiefly remembered now for having planted the first of the lindens which have given their name, *Unter-den-Linden*, to the stateliest street of the capital. "Ah, I have not my Louisa now! to whom shall I run for advice or help?" often exclaimed the Elector in his old age. He died on the 29th of April, 1688, just as William of Orange was preparing for his triumphant descent on England, for which grand achievement of religious liberty Frederick as an earnest Protestant fervently prayed. He was ever a busy, indefatigable, brave spirit, his country's good the basis of all his ambition and his wars. He commenced a little navy on the Baltic, favored the establishment of an East India Company, drained waste lands, encouraged husbandry and the arts, colonized unsettled portions of his dominions, dug the Friedrich Wilhelms Canal, fifteen miles long, still in constant use, and by his kindness to the unfortunate Protestants driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, secured the services of some twenty thousand skilful artisans and agriculturists. Seventy years after his death, his remains were removed to a new cathedral in Berlin, and, his coffin being opened by order of Frederick the Great, the monarch looked long and steadily at the features of his great-grandfather, and then said, turning to his attendant nobles: "Gentlemen, this one did a great work." The king truly revered the memory of his great ancestor, regarding him as the real founder of the Prussian monarchy. When he succeeded his father, George William, he found Brandenburg a mere battle-field for foreign armies; when he died, after nearly fifty years of rule, he left it much

enlarged, an acknowledged power, felt, feared, and respected. His true greatness should have earned for him more by far than he has received of those pearls of praise which Mr. Carlyle has so freely lavished on his swinish grandson.

On the demise of the Great Elector, his son Frederick III., known afterward as King Frederick I., had already married a second time. His first wife, a princess of Hesse-Cassel, died in 1683, leaving a daughter; and, fifteen months after this event, he married Sophia Charlotte of Hanover, daughter of the Electress Sophia, and sister of George I. of England. She became the mother of Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great. She died on the 1st of February, 1705, when her son was about seventeen years of age. With intense love for this one child, she yet noticed his rugged animal nature, and his tendencies to avarice. She was happily spared further pain on his account, and the humiliation of acknowledging as a sovereign the greatest brute of modern history, who in all probability would not have hesitated to inflict upon his mother those indignities which he showered on his wife and children. Sophia Charlotte possessed a bright and cultivated mind, as well as great personal attractions. She and her mother, the Electress, were both shrewd, observing women, well read in literature, especially the French, and in theology, inclining to the anti-Calvinist or Rationalist side. At Charlottenburg, so called in her honor after her death, she drew around her such congenial spirits as she could attract, among them the great Leibnitz, at once her teacher and her friend. "Leibnitz," she wrote, "talked to me of the 'infinitely little'; *mon Dieu*, as if I did not know enough of that!" The mighty philosopher was doubtless endeavoring to explain his differential and integral calculus, and the theory of infinitesimals; but she was alluding to her husband, whose whole life was wasted in petty conceits and trifles, so that he became to her the incarnation of "infinite littleness." Of a weak constitution from an injury to his back received in childhood, his mind, naturally good, appears to have become impaired, or at least satisfied with petty details of etiquette and courtly splendor. "Regardless of expense," is the label pinned upon him by Mr. Carlyle. One of



his principal acts was the foundation of the Order of the Black Eagle; but he also established the Academy of Berlin, under the superintendence of Leibnitz, and the University of Halle in 1694. After long negotiations with other powers, and unutterable doubtings and ponderings on the part of the Emperor, Frederick had the gratification of being declared no longer the mere Elector of Brandenburg, but the first King of Prussia. Some seven years of anxious solicitation were at length successful, and Frederick's envoy returned to Berlin from Vienna, on the 16th of November, 1700, with "Yes," in answer to the last time of asking. "Infinitely Little" was too impatient to wait long for his coronation, and thirty days only after the Kaiser's consent, he set off for Königsberg, four hundred and fifty miles from Berlin, Königsberg then being the capital of Prussia proper. Thirty thousand post-horses and eighteen hundred carriages were required for the journey of this brand-new-sovereign and his suite, and if we may judge by his diamond buttons at £1,500 apiece, the royal pageant must have been of the costliest. He put the crown upon his own head, an example followed by Napoleon, with rather more *éclat*, about a century later. At this sublime moment, or one equally solemn, Sophia Charlotte actually drew out her box and took a pinch of snuff, to the intense indignation of the late Elector. When this sensible woman died, he married a third wife, the Princess Sophia Louisa of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who made his life one of torment by her dreary orthodoxy, estranged him, went mad, and survived him for twenty years as an incurable maniac. Frederick William, at the period of the coronation, was twelve years of age. On the 25th of February, 1713, his cubship ended, and in full bearhood he mounted the throne of Prussia.

When summoned to his father's apartment, to say farewell to the dying man, he could scarcely make his way to the bedside, through the crowd of courtiers and lackeys whom Frederick I. thought indispensable to his dignity. The last scene over, he abruptly turned his back on the obsequious throng eager to greet him, hurried to his own room, banged the door behind him, shed a few tears, and then, sending for the captain of the supernumeraries, told him that until after the funeral

he, and all the other gold and silver sticks down to the meanest page in waiting, could retain their places, but that then they were to be discharged finally, not even put on a retired list with half-pay. That court presented a perhaps unique instance of real mourning. The new king went forthwith to work to reduce expenses; he retained but eight lackeys in the ante-chambers, and paid them each but six shillings a week; he kept three busy pages, instead of three dozen idlers. Frederick I. had paid for, if he did not actually own, one thousand saddle-horses; his son retained but thirty, and a few more for carriages. In two months he had curtailed the civil list to less than one fifth of what it had been under the late king.

Frederick William's queen was Sophia Dorothea, the daughter of the Elector of Hanover, afterward George I. of England. Her mother, the Electress, had for many years before her daughter's marriage been a closely guarded prisoner in the castle of Ahlden on Lünenberg heath, in punishment of her intrigue, real or supposed, with Count Königsmark. He mysteriously disappeared, and she, if guilty, (and in all probability she was not,) fearfully expiated her sin by a captivity of thirty years. Her husband consoled himself by two hideous mistresses, aptly described by Walpole; one of them, the Duchess of Kendall, being as lean as a handspike, the other, Madame Kilmansegge, created Countess of Darlington, of such enormous corpulency that her bosom appeared to melt into her stomach, — “a cataract of tallow.” Sophia Dorothea inherited, with her mother's name, some of her mother's beauty and intellect, and little of her father's coarseness. She had borne the crown prince four children; and at the time of his accession, Frederick, afterward so famous, was little more than a year old, and his sister Wilhelmina, who was made to share many of his early trials, was a few years his senior. Frederick's birth occurred in the Berlin palace, on the 24th of January, 1712.

With his constant endeavor to make a hero of Frederick William, Mr. Carlyle declares that he was very fond of his wife, “his *Pheekin*, diminutive of Sophie, as he calls her”; but his fondness never shielded her from the grossest indignities whenever his savage passions broke loose. She had some

will of her own, and he required absolute submission. With a vulgar hatred of learning and refinement himself, he chose to hate those attributes in others, and accordingly turned his household into a hell in his endeavors to reduce every member of his family to his own sordid, brutish level. His pecuniary reforms, needful as they were, degenerated into avarice. On one estimate he would shear to save ten thalers, and on another to save even half a thaler; and for the first ten years of his reign, his time seems chiefly to have been passed in the improvement of his finances. He was willing to spend nothing except upon his army; this he was continually enlarging, drilling to perfection, and caning, his bamboo giving perhaps the best idea ever obtained of perpetual motion. By and by he was seized with a passion for tall soldiers, and beside his regular army, which, before his death, amounted to nearly one hundred thousand effective troops, he drafted, bought, seized, and stole, as occasion required, four thousand giants from seven to nine feet high, kept only for household service, never expected to draw a trigger, and good for nothing but to be flogged and stared at. By the side of these monsters his Majesty looked diminutive; he was in truth rather short and stout, — *Ragotin*, “Stumpy,” as he was afterward styled by Frederick and Wilhelmina. In youth his complexion was florid and his gray eyes full of light; in later years, when inflamed by drink and fury, his orbs blazed with terrible fire, and his face appeared a mixture of colors, blue, green, and scarlet. In the early part of his reign he often wore the dress of a civilian, but after 1719 he invariably used that of Colonel of the Potsdam Guards; a small white wig surmounted by a cocked hat, a close military blue coat with red cuffs and collar, buff waistcoat and breeches, white linen gaiters to the knee, the sword girt high, and — that cane. In speaking he made every one look him straight in the face; few could meet his look without terror; and if the answers were not satisfactory, or if the respondent hesitated, the cane did its work. He beat the applewomen for not knitting at their stalls; an idler was often cracked over the crown before he knew the king was near, while those who had once approached him took to their heels if they saw him in the distance. At times a direct answer

pleased him. "Who are you?" he asked a poor boy, one day. "A *candidatus theologiæ*, your Majesty." "Where from?" "Berlin, your Majesty." "Hm, na, the Berliners are a good-for-nothing set." "Yes, truly, too many of them; but there are exceptions,—I know two." "Two? which then?" "Your Majesty and myself." The king laughed aloud, had the youth examined, and gave him a chaplaincy. Not only did Frederick William chastise the loungers of his capital, but he insisted to some extent on regulating their costume. He waged a war against wigs, taxed them, would sometimes pull them off in the street from men's heads, and, as he could not do so to the French envoy, contrived a plan to ridicule him and his associates, who dressed in the highest Parisian fashion, with cocked hats, large wigs, and laced coats. The king, at a review when the offending ambassador was present, caused a number of men previously dressed in the most extravagant style, with cocked hats a yard in diameter, wigs descending to their hips, and other similar enormities, to appear at a concerted signal, and gravely march over the field in full view of the envoy. The monarch and all his troops maintained a look of solemn unconsciousness; but the envoy took the hint, and, as long afterward as he stayed in Prussia, dressed in plain German fashion.

Frederick William can scarcely be called a warlike sovereign; and although he took such pains to strengthen and perfect his army, he was careful not to expose it unnecessarily to the brunt of battle. With the exception of one brief interval, his reign was peaceful. In November, 1714, all Europe was startled by the reappearance of Charles XII. of Sweden, who for five years from the battle of Pultowa had been in Turkey, and for more than a year was by many believed to be dead. At length, in the latter part of October, 1714, he awoke from his lethargy, obtained the Sultan Achmet's consent to quit his castle near Adrianople, and with but two attendants, galloping night and day through wild steppes and mountain passes, through Vienna, Cassel, and Pomerania, reached the gate of Stralsund, on the Baltic Sea, sixteen days after leaving the place of his concealment. He demanded of the sentinel at the postern instant admission to the Governor,

who rose from his bed to recognize in the way-worn rider, "white with snow," his own long-lost sovereign. Scarce a single triumph in even Charles's marvellous career attracted wider fame than this, and hardly had the news of his return, and the wild joy of the city, its salutes, bonfires, and illuminations, reached the ears of surrounding sovereigns, than it was deemed important to dislodge him, and he at once found himself menaced by the Czar, and the rulers of Denmark, Hanover, Saxony, and Prussia. Frederick William unwillingly took up arms against Charles, but he was forced to do this if he would retain possessions that had already been given to him; and on the 28th of April, 1715, he declared war and put his forces in motion. He stayed two months in Stettin, and, joined by sixteen thousand Danes and about four thousand Saxons, he laid siege to Stralsund about the end of June, with forty thousand men, Charles having about one quarter of this force to defend and man his works. Notwithstanding this inequality, it was mid-winter before the desperate valor of Charles yielded to fate, and he was persuaded to escape over the ice to a Swedish frigate lying about a mile from the shore, when the place surrendered. The king of Prussia was the principal worker in the siege of Stralsund, which the Berliners regarded with great pride; but when they wished to give their sovereign a triumphant entry, on his return in January, 1716, he forbade it, ordering in its stead a thanksgiving sermon to be preached in all the churches the next Sunday. When Frederick William went to this war, he left most exact directions with his ministers; he was to be informed of anything important, but if there was nothing passing of moment, no paper was to be wasted; above all, no money was to be paid unless actually falling due by the book. His wife was to be consulted on matters of consequence, but beyond her and his councillors, "no mortal was to poke into his affairs." He also left explicit directions for his funeral in case he was shot; directions the non-fulfilment of which in later years his wife and daughter had cause to regret.

Peter the Great, on his way home from France, in the autumn of 1717, spent four days at Berlin, visiting Frederick William; and of this memorable meeting, with attendant events, the Princess Wilhelmina has given abundant descrip-

tion in her Memoirs. The king had a fellow-feeling for the Czar, as he had for Charles XII.; he doubtless had an interest in his efforts to civilize Russia, and for the rest, Peter's brutish habits were too much in unison with his own to annoy him, although in refinement and decency he was, compared to the Czar, as "Hyperion to a satyr." The Czar was now fifty-five; his Czarina thirty-three; and little Wilhelmina, who tells some things which she saw with her own eyes, and some which she did not, was about nine. Such an extraordinary court never before or since was dragged about by a sovereign. An immense train of women was in attendance to minister to Peter's pleasure; some of them bore evidence of their relations to him by their babies richly dressed; and when questioned regarding their paternity, bowing low they replied, "The Czar did me the honor (*m'a fait l'honneur de me faire cet enfant*)."

This was nothing, however, for Peter. While at Magdeburg, on his way to Berlin, he received a deputation of solemn officials, with a complimentary address, which he listened to while standing with his arms around the necks of two Russian ladies; and for his adventure in the same place with his own niece, the Duchess of Mecklenburg, we must refer the reader to the book. He took a fancy to an indecent little statue in the royal Cabinet of Antiques, which Frederick William readily gave him. The king had given him the year before a quantity of amber curiosities, which had belonged to his late father; also a superb yacht, the property of the same expensive monarch. In return he obtained from the Czar valuable considerations, worth, no doubt, twenty times as much as his own gifts; for the yacht, the amber, and the disgusting little Priapus, he established a rich trade with Russia, selling large quantities of cloth, salt, hardware, and manufactured articles, beside receiving what he most prized on earth, gigantic soldiers, — one hundred and fifty this autumn, followed by about one hundred more each year. Frederick William repaid such favors by sending engineers, gunners, mill-wrights, and various artisans into Russia, to instruct the rude Muscovites.

Young Fritz had by this time come to be five years of age. The picture in Mr. Carlyle's first volume represents him as he was a year or two before, playing soldier, and attended by his

sister Wilhelmina, and a negro in the background, said negro perhaps the same one kept busy in reporting bulletins of his Majesty's health in the last days of Frederick William. Not long afterward the crown prince was taken out of petticoats, and put to his schooling. For the first seven years of his life he was under the charge of a head-governess, Frau von Kamecke, called Kamken by Wilhelmina, of whom there is nothing particular to remember. Beneath her, however, was a *sous-gouvernante*, the Dame de Roucoulles, who took immediate charge of the prince. She was a Frenchwoman and a Protestant, who, then Madame de Montbail, had to flee from her country when a young widow, with her daughter and mother-in-law, driven out as thousands of others were by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. After her flight to Prussia, she married Roucoulles, a refugee from France, and was appointed by Sophia Charlotte to perform the same part for Frederick William which she now acted for his son. She taught the little prince to speak French, and loved him devotedly; which attention he appears to have repaid to the end of her days, she just living to witness his accession. French was thus early ground into him; so thoroughly, too, that he despised German, indeed spoke only the corrupt Prussian dialect of it, with sufficient freedom for all the ordinary purposes of life, commanding his troops, his officials, and his subjects in it, but banishing it from his table and his court, — Luther's Bible being probably the only really German work he ever looked into, and that not very often. At seven years, as before told, Frederick was removed from female instruction, and had tutors and sub-tutors appointed to conduct his education, Frederick William sharply overseeing all. Lieutenant-General Count Fink von Finkenstein, a man of sixty, was head-tutor; under him were Duhan de Jandun, a Frenchman of thirty, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kalkstein, twenty-eight years of age. By these three men was he drilled and taught. He appears to have attached them to him, and for the two younger men he retained friendship until the death of each, Jandun's twenty years afterward, and Kalkstein's forty. Nor must another remarkable character be forgotten, not included in this list of tutors, but who exercised great influence over the training of Frederick, and who held a

most prominent place about the court and person of his father. This was Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, whose character from Mr. Carlyle's portrait appears to us to be nearer Blücher's than any we can name, with much of the fire and the sublime patriotism of that rough-timbered hero. He too was a man of stern, simple tastes, who cared nothing for etiquette, and whom Jenkins would have ruled out of a court journal as vulgar. He would marry a Miss Fos, an apothecary's daughter, in spite of his aristocratic family, even killing her cousin, who had laid claim to her hand. He became General-Field-Marshal of the Prussian armies, and fought with desperate bravery at Malplaquet and Blenheim, in the former battle only as a volunteer; he was the first man to scale the French intrenchments at Eugene's storming of the lines of Turin in 1706; he invented iron ramrods, and the equal step of troops, with many other forms of modern military tactics. His religious culture was not far from "zero," the point of Frederick William's stump-oratory; he called Luther's hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, "God Almighty's Grenadier March"; and when about to join battle he lifted his hat, growling out some short prayer as the signal for close action. He was the king's second-cousin, had great influence with him, and thus befriended Frederick in after years when incarcerated at Cüstrin.

The king's regulations regarding his son's education are characteristic. Every moment was to be used after detailed forms and an unvarying routine. When the monarch put pen to paper, he neither wrote nor scrawled; the manuscript looked like the wipes of a bear's paw, and his instructions drawn up in such fashion have been preserved, and at once, in spite of all his biographer's encomiums, reveal his tyrannical espionage and narrow views. His son was to be impressed with a proper fear and love of God, which feelings, if indeed he was ever imbued with them, he managed to throw off utterly before coming to the throne. He was to be guarded against heresy and schism, and sects Atheist, Arian, and Socinian, as well as Papistry; and so completely did he learn these lessons, and improve upon them, that he grew up and ended his life with no belief whatever in revealed religion. In an age when the Latin was still a universal language, and many celebrated au-



thors wrote in it, he was expressly forbidden to learn it. He would, however, have done so of his own accord, had the least chance been given to him; but when by stealth he sought to make himself master of it, his harsh father broke in upon him, and with his cane put to flight his young instructor, and made an end of his son's lessons. To the last, Frederick was fond of quoting a few scraps of the language, but always incorrectly; and although he could not, to save his life, read a page of Cicero, he says in his old age, writing to some one, and quoting four words: "You see I don't forgot my Latin." The king continued: "Let him learn arithmetic, mathematics, artillery, economy to the very bottom; history, ancient only slightly, of the last hundred and fifty years to the exactest pitch." Next geography, and "with increasing years go upon fortification and the other war-sciences," that the crown prince may "seek all his glory in the soldier profession." Another document prescribes for every hour of each day in the week. This was when Fritz was ten years old, and of this we give a specimen. *Sunday*. "On Sunday he is to rise at seven, and, as soon as he has got his slippers on, shall kneel down at his bedside, and pray to God, so as all in the room may hear it," — the prayer given. After this the Lord's prayer, "then rapidly and vigorously wash himself clean, dress, and powder, and comb himself," sipping his tea meanwhile. "Prayer with washing, breakfast, and the rest to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes." After this, family prayers with domestics and Duhan, then reading and expounding of the Gospel, and Noltenius's catechism, until nine o'clock. At nine o'clock he was to go with the king to church, and dine with him at noon precisely. Henceforth until half past nine P. M., the day is his own, but at that hour he is to bid the king good night, and "shall then directly go to his room, very rapidly get off his clothes, wash his hands, and so soon as that is done Duhan makes a prayer on his knees, and sings a hymn, all the servants being again there; instantly after which my son shall get into bed, — shall be *in* bed at half past ten." On Monday, as on every other week-day, he was to be called at six, and made to get up instantly, not to loiter nor turn in bed; dressing and breakfast to go on at once, and both to be over before half past

six. Half an hour for prayers, and then history from seven until nine; at nine Noltenius with catechism and "Christian religion" until a quarter of eleven. No doubt the young Frederick was wearied early in life with his long, dreary theological lessons, and in later days, when he was expiating at Cüstrin his rash attempt to escape, the fearful sermons thundered over his head week after week probably completed his disgust, and no doubt aided his progress toward scepticism as to all revealed religion. At a quarter before eleven he was to go to the king, dining with him always at twelve, and at two he must be again in his room with his maps and geography; from three to four, moral philosophy; from four to five, he was to write German letters so as to acquire "a good *stylum*," which he never did. After this hour he was to go again to the king, and then amuse himself. On Wednesdays and Saturdays he was to have half-holidays, if he behaved well. Above all charges which the king gave, one was to be most strictly enforced. "In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of and into his clothes as fast as is humanly possible. You will also look that he learn to put on and put off his clothes himself, without help from others, and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty (*nicht so schmutzig*)."<sup>1</sup> Frederick William, although a brute, was a clean one, but this virtue was wanting in Fritz, who continued *schmutzig* to the end of his days.

This schooling was going on at Wusterhausen, a dreary palace or hunting-seat twenty miles southeast of Berlin, and described by Wilhelmina as an odious residence. Here Frederick enjoyed the society of a number of cousins; but the strong attachment which here grew up between him and his sister was more deeply rooted than any other friendship, and was never broken, in spite of his mocking spirit and cold heart. Here too was held the king's famous Tobacco Parliament, the sessions while at Wusterhausen in the autumn weeks being usually in the open air, certainly more endurable than the reeking rooms of the Berlin and Potsdam palaces. Wilhelmina says that her brother's progress in his studies was "slow"; but that term can hardly be applied to Frederick in any sense. He was perhaps rather desultory, and physically not very robust in youth. Besides,

he was thwarted in pursuits for which he had a natural bent. He loved music, and became an accomplished performer on the flute. His Latin, we have seen, was expressly forbidden. He does not appear in early boyhood to have shown any very decided military genius; but he was thoroughly instructed by the best masters of the art of war, and soon learned to command. When the prince was eleven years of age, George I., then on a visit to Berlin, looking out of the palace windows one morning, saw the little fellow drilling his company of cadets, formed by youths about his own age, ordering them with a clear, sharp voice, and soldierly precision. Beside his native talent for music, he readily acquired arithmetic and geography, with some other branches of useful practical knowledge; but with his strong bias for literature, and much as he wrote, he never learned to spell or punctuate correctly, and of the rules of grammar he knew nothing. He wrote indeed with fluency, and his prose style was not without grace and vivacity; but to give a reason for the structure of a paragraph remained always beyond his power. In a note in French to Duhan which was only five lines long, there were ten gross errors, and this after nearly nine years' schooling.

While Frederick William was trying by rude buffeting and tyrannical restraint to keep his son free from the amenities of life and of literary culture, and to make him a mere practical machine, he began to find that the contempt he expressed for music, Latin, and polite arts of French origin generally, was returned by his son with contempt for German fashions; and as the king himself was wholly German, he might have supposed himself included in the crown prince's distaste. This was perhaps at the bottom of the disfavor with his father into which Frederick fell, and which may be traced from his seventh year, growing finally into the most savage hatred on the part of the monarch, and manifested by curses, taunts, sneers, showers of blows from the cane, kicks, and plates dashed from the dinner-table at the prince, and at Wilhelmina too, who shared her brother's sufferings. By degrees the king's wrath rose to such a pitch, that he made the lives of his queen and children a day-long

purgatory, and, not satisfied with beating his offspring, kept them on loathsome food, turning their stomachs with "soups of salt and water, ragouts of old bones full of hairs and slopperies," and putrid sauer-kraut. Because the crown prince did not deem drilling the chief end of man, because he was passionately fond of music beyond that of a regimental band, because he hated tobacco-smoke, and saw no pleasure in playing draughts, swilling beer, and killing wild hogs, it was Frederick William's delight to hate and torment him; and he did hate him with such ferocity that we can account for it only by supposing his passions rendered demoniac by the fumes of tobacco and brandy. He was a hard drinker at times, not always, and at one important period, when he should have had clear command of his powers, Mr. Carlyle even admits that he was drunk every night for a month. We have no doubt that he would have killed Frederick, had he found a fair opportunity. He transferred his affections to a younger son, August Wilhelm, wishing often that he were the crown prince. When Frederick, maddened beyond all endurance by the cruelties heaped upon him, attempted to escape from Prussia, he was arrested and condemned to death, his historian admitting that, but for the intercession of the Emperor, the sentence would probably have been carried into effect. And Mr. Carlyle further says, that the crown prince was driven by dire necessity into a course of deception, foreign to his nature, toward his terrible father, and that, even when in the midst of his miseries he recognized all that was good in his father's character, the coarse perceptions of the king could hardly be enlightened to the splendid abilities of the son, which he sullenly admitted only at the last. Yet this is the man trumpeted as a hero; a man who, despotic whether drunk or sober, was led by the nose by lying ministers; whose sordid avarice, not patriotism, accumulated millions of treasure, not at interest, but stored away in vaults or moulded into balustrades and mirror frames; who would pay for an Irishman eight feet high more than he would allow to the most gifted ambassador, and whose chief delights, after smoking and guzzling, were to kill pigs and cane apple-women.

Mr. Carlyle devotes much space to the double-marriage project, so fondly entertained by the Queen Sophia Dorothea, — that of uniting Frederick of Hanover — son of George (afterward George II.) of England and Caroline of Anspach — to Wilhelmina; and her own son Frederick of Prussia to Caroline's daughter, Amelia of England. It will not enter into our purpose to detail the long and fruitless negotiations growing out of this matter, which ended finally in neither marriage taking place, to the intense sorrow and indignation of the queen, Wilhelmina giving her hand to the Margrave of Baireuth, and Frederick by his father's desire espousing the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick-Bevern. While these matters were going on, the crown prince entered on a new career as a practical soldier, being on the 3d of May, 1725, gazetted a captain, when he was in his fourteenth year; and enrolled accordingly in the giant regiment of Potsdam Guards. Frederick's soldiering henceforth was no child's play, and the duties of parade and drill could not by any possibility be shirked from distaste for them, as they frequently had been before. This giant regiment was the pride of the king's heart, more valued by him than even his heaps of silver, and he would pay any price for a Colossus to add to it, when he was niggardly in all other outlay. He paid for James Kirkman, a huge Irishman, about six thousand dollars, before he could get him inveigled and fairly numbered among the Potsdam Guards; as before told, about one hundred monsters arrived every year from Russia, and the king's agents were to be found in every country of Europe, looking out for the largest heaps of bone and sinew. Woe to any peasant or artisan over six feet high. In the town of Jülich a young carpenter at work one day beheld an important, peremptory-looking man enter his shop, who ordered a large, strong chest. It must be six feet six inches long, and stout in proportion, to be finished on a certain day. When the day came, the man called again, and insisted that the chest was too short; it was to be made longer than the carpenter himself. So it was, he contended, and put out his rule to measure it. Even this would not content the stranger, who, in order to make sure, requested the carpenter to get in,

and see if the box would hold him at full length. No sooner said than done. In jumped the carpenter, and the positive man, a disguised recruiting-officer, slammed down the lid, locked it, and whistled sharply, when three stout men came in, bore off the box and the man in it on their shoulders, walked through the streets gravely, opened the case in some safe place, and found the carpenter dead of suffocation. For this failure, the man being murdered in fact, Hompesch was imprisoned for life. Had he kidnapped his man alive, he would have been rewarded. Burgermeisters of small towns were sometimes carried off, and a rich merchant of Magdeburg had to pay a large sum to get clear. Even the Austrian ambassador on his way from Vienna to England was arrested. His carriage broke down on the road, and while it was undergoing repairs he concluded to walk on alone to a town not far distant. At the gate he was stopped by the Prussian officials, who, as he was very tall, thought he would make a good present to Frederick William, and were terribly alarmed when they found out his real character. George I. was so incensed at this audacity, that he took measures to clear Hanover of all recruiting-officers. Indeed, these men found themselves prisoners at times, and in Holland one of them was summarily hanged.

The Tobacco Parliament, or College, was the chief scene of the intrigues of Grumkow and Seckendorf, who led the tyrannical Frederick William by the nose; the Baron Grumkow being bribed by the Emperor, and Seckendorf being the Emperor's Minister at Berlin, so that by the two he was for years entirely under Austrian influence. It is also memorable for the mad pranks performed by the king and his associates. Here were discussed affairs of state, to the extent to which the monarch chose they should be discussed, he having no such thing as a constitutional parliament or privy council. In the Berlin and the Potsdam palaces, each, was a room fitted up for a *Tabagie*, or rather not fitted at all, excepting with rough wooden chairs and tables. This resort was meant primarily for recreation, although much business was done in it. Here the king and his party met nightly, talked, read crabbed Dutch and German newspapers, played backgammon, smoked

always, swilled beer by the gallon, committed enormities when drunk, spat all over the floor, and made themselves sociable generally. Grumkow, Seckendorf, the old Dessauer, Ginckel, the Dutch ambassador, and others, were constantly there, while strangers of mark were often introduced. Kings and princes travelling were honored with invitations, and Frederick was sometimes present, never by his own choice, and always to his disgust.

Frederick William, without the least learning himself, collected about him in the Tobacco College several literary men of whose weaknesses and vices he made sport. For dignified literary character he cared nothing. He exiled the celebrated Wolf from his dominions, because in some controversy with the Halle theologians he was accused of heterodoxy, and the king, knowing nothing of the matter, sided with the body of the professors, and in a fury ordered Wolf to quit the Prussian territories within forty-eight hours, under pain of the halter. Ten years afterwards, from looking himself into Wolf's works, he became convinced that he had acted unjustly, and sent for him to return. Wolf, however, had no confidence in the king's temper, and never would come back until Frederick ascended the throne, when he was again invited, and resumed his place at Halle.

One of the literary characters who afforded to Frederick William the greatest amusement was Jakob Paul Gundling, a man of great learning, an omnivorous book-worm in his better days, and author of many antiquarian works now forgotten, but of intense conceit and a confirmed sot. He had roamed about the world not a little, sometimes as tutor and gentleman's companion, and had finally come to Berlin during the late reign, and was by Frederick I. appointed to certain professorships and sinecures, which economical Frederick William swept away; so that Gundling came to the streets for a living, sinking lower and lower, until a tavern-keeper, having some appreciation of his learning, or finding that his talk interested chance bibbers and drew custom, gave him the privilege of a seat at the stove, and the run of the tap-room. Here he was found by Baron Grumkow, who speedily introduced him into the Tobacco Parliament, to the edification of the

king and his party. "Working into the man, his Majesty, who had a great taste for such things, discovered in him such mines of college learning, court learning, without end; self-conceit and depth of appetite not less considerable; in fine, such chaotic blockheadism with the consciousness of being wisdom as was wondrous to behold,—as filled his Majesty, especially, with laughter and joyful amazement." For some years, therefore, the king took delight in exposing the humors and weak points of this poor wreck of humanity. If the monarch dined with any of his associates, Gundling must be invited also; otherwise he was at the *Tabagie*. The king had him rigged out in the most absurd style, and bestowed on him a number of appointments and titles. He gave him, for every-day wear, a scarlet coat with gold-laced button-holes, black velvet facings, and embroideries; "straw-colored breeches; red silk stockings, and shoes with red heels"; a huge white periwig, a red feather in his hat, and the golden key of *Kammerherr*, chamberlain, hanging at his breast. Thus attired, he walked abroad, the butt of rude idlers, as he was seldom sober, and from frequent tumbles into the mud his fantastic dress soon became dirty, for which Frederick William soundly rated and teased him. One day, as he was lying on the ground drunk, two captains cut off his key, and gave it privately to the king. "Where is your key?" he gravely asked, the next time Gundling appeared in the *Tabagie*. "Unfortunately lost it, your Majesty." "Lost it?" rejoined the king, frowning terribly. "Lost it?" echoed the whole Parliament, knowing the case exactly. Here was a grave matter. A soldier who should lose his musket, or spend its worth in drink, would be shot; why not Gundling? The royal clemency was, after great apparent difficulty, obtained; the culprit was to expiate his offence, and live. The next time the *Tabagie* met, a servant entered with a tray, on which was a huge gilt wooden key about a yard long. This was hung round Gundling's neck, to be worn by him in public during the king's pleasure. When his metal key was finally restored to him, he went to a locksmith and had it fastened on with wire. Frederick William, to ridicule the Berlin *Académie des Sciences*, made Jakob Paul its President, and once officially submitted as a prize question to the learned members, "why



Champagne foamed." Gundling's perquisites from this place and others amounted to £150 per annum, beside his having the use of the king's cellars free of charge. For these favors he paid dear. Sometimes he found young bears lying in his bed. Again, the door of his room was walled up, and, staggering about to find it, he would stumble into the big bear's den, and be nearly hugged to death. At Wusterhausen he was swung by ropes over a frozen ditch, when one of the ropes broke, and he went through the ice to be fished out half drowned. If, to escape his mad persecutors, he took refuge in his room, a door panel was knocked in, and fire-crackers were thrown at him until he emerged. Once he ran away, and went to Halle; where he had a brother; but he was inveigled back again by apologies and increased salaries and titles, the king actually raising him to the peerage; while he frequently received presents from distinguished people, the Emperor sending his portrait set in diamonds for the presentation copies of Gundling's Works.

But nothing delighted Frederick William so much as setting him and one or two other literary fools by the ears. One of these was Fassmann, who wrote a stupid Life of the king, and another of Augustus the Strong. He and Gundling were pitted against each other, until they became so enraged that Jacob seized his smoking pan of hot sand and ashes, and threw its contents over Fassmann, who thereupon seized him, turned him over his knee, and spanked him soundly with the hot pan. To satisfy wounded honor, the king suggested a duel. At the appointed hour and place they met, their pistols, unknown to themselves, being merely charged with powder. Gundling, afraid, threw his pistol away, would neither shoot nor be shot at; but Fassmann, advancing, fired, and set Gundling's wig in a blaze, when the poor fellow fell to the earth yelling, and was extinguished with a bucket of water. When he died at length, Frederick William had him buried in a wine-cask painted black, with a white cross on it, the drunkard knowing it was to be his coffin, as it had stood in his room for many years. Buried in it he was, indeed, in spite of the subdued groans of the orthodox clergy of Berlin, who dared not remonstrate.

In January, 1728, the crown prince, then sixteen years of age, made a visit to Dresden with his father, by invitation of Augustus the Strong, who was both Elector of Saxony and King of Poland. The visit was in a great degree planned by Grumkow and Seckendorf, to divert the melancholy of the king, caused chiefly by the troublesome negotiations regarding the double marriage, of which he was beginning to be heartily sick, while the queen gave her whole influence in its favor, at the same time swaying the dispositions of Frederick and Wilhelmina. This course, in which she persisted as long as a glimmer of hope remained, accounts for much of her husband's outrageous conduct. On this journey it was not Frederick William's intention to take his son; he was to stay at Potsdam and continue drilling; but an express invitation came from Augustus for the crown prince, who arrived at Dresden the day after his father, on the 15th of January. The king of Prussia, going in no state, would not accept Augustus's hospitality at the palace, but took up his quarters with the Commandant of Dresden. The festivities were magnificent, and prolonged for a month, Augustus being one of the most expensive of monarchs, as one of the most "physically strong," he having in the course of his life favored the world with three hundred and fifty-four illegitimate children, one for nearly every day in the year. He was, however, not a mere monster of profligacy, being a man of strong mental powers, great accomplishments, noble presence, and superb taste in art. Young Frederick, found the court of Augustus and the ways of his host much more to his taste than the life at Potsdam, and this visit was not without great influence on his future, but influence of evil nature. One day after dinner the two kings, accompanied by Frederick, strolled about the palace, when Augustus, in order to test Frederick William's presumed insensibility to women, introduced them into a room exquisitely furnished, and, as the king of Prussia was admiring it, a curtain rose before a recess, and within it, lying on a bed, was a beautiful young creature in the style and attitude of Titian's Venus; according to one account, robed in a loose gauze which revealed rather than hid her charms, but by Wilhelmina's statement completely nude. Frederick William was very

angry, turned round and pushed the crown prince out of the room, but not until he had obtained a full view of the wanton. This was not the worst of the matter. There was in Augustus's court a beautiful Countess Orzelska, who had already bewitched Frederick. She was Augustus's daughter by a French milliner in Warsaw, and among the three hundred and fifty-four Augustus lost sight of her until one of the number, her half-brother, perhaps not aware of the relationship, took her for his mistress. In due time he introduced her to her father and his, who was so fascinated with her, that she actually became his reigning favorite. In this capacity she encountered Frederick, and her father-lover, becoming jealous, signified to the crown prince that, if he would give up all thoughts of her, he might freely possess the cabinet Venus. Frederick took her, and from this connection entered for some years upon a dissolute course, which corrupted his nature and injured his health. In the following May, Augustus, "the physically strong, the Saxon man of sin," paid his counter-visit to Frederick William, and for three weeks set Berlin in a blaze; the Prussian king spending more money than he was ever known to spend before or afterward, and even lighting up the Tobacco Parliament in honor of the sublime occasion. Augustus was accompanied by his son Maurice, the *Maréchal de Saxe*, most celebrated of the three hundred and fifty-four; also by Orzelska and many others, concerning whom and the visit full narratives have been given by *Wilhelmina*.

The double-marriage negotiations meantime were still going on, tending to inflame the king more vehemently, and to widen the breach between him and his wife and children. To divert his mind, he went off in January, 1729, on a grand boar-hunt, and slaughtered 3,602 head of wild swine;—a great waste, some would say, and wholesale cruelty; on the contrary, to Frederick William a source of revenue. Every scrap of that hog's meat was sold. Every man in the localities was obliged, according to his means, to take certain quantities at a fixed price. He was at liberty to eat or not, or to cut up his swine into mess-pork or sausages as he saw fit; but every ounce was paid for in cash, and all the money went into the king's treasury. Admirable financiering! But after this prodigious hunt, from

fatigue and other causes, the king returned ill to Potsdam, attacked with the gout. Imagine that sick-room, Frederick William with the gout! "It was a hell on earth to us," says Wilhelmina.

The Princess Frederika Louisa, Wilhelmina's younger sister, aged fifteen, was married about this time, the first married of the family, to the Margrave of Baireuth. The union was not happy, the parties leading a cat-and-dog life for thirty years. The wedding festivities appeared to produce no good feeling with the king toward his two oldest children, and in short the crown prince was now over head and ears in trouble. He was liable to be surprised by his father at any moment, and soundly caned without warning. In spite of his father's orders and hatred of music, he pursued it assiduously, practised on the flute, and employed Quantz, leader of the Court Band in Saxony, to give him lessons. At such hours as he could command from garrison duty, he would practise music with Quantz and Lieutenant Katte, a boon companion and dissolute fellow, of whom we shall speak elsewhere. Closeted with these friends, Frederick, with his love of French fashions, would throw off the Prussian uniform coat, transform the Prussian pigtail queue into a silk bag, put on a flowing scarlet brocade dressing-gown, and enjoy himself at his ease. As he was thus attired and busied on one occasion, Katte, on the lookout in another room, hurried in with the news that his Majesty was coming, — was close by already. He seized Quantz, the flutes, and the music-books, and both rushed into a wood-closet and shut the door. Frederick tore off his gown, and as fast as was "humanly possible" pulled on his coat and looked innocent. But he could not so easily change the silk bag for the Prussian pigtail, and this betrayed him. The king stormed and swore; he caught sight of the brocade gown, and threw it into the fire; for an hour he went on like a madman, seized all the forbidden articles in the room, sent for a bookseller and ordered him to sell every French book for what it would bring, — and the bookseller, knowing whom to please, discreetly hid the library, and one by one lent these volumes afterward to the prince as he required. Katte and Quantz all the while stood trembling in the closet, which his Majesty forgot to pull open.

The crown prince was now attacked and beaten at any moment without the slightest reason. His life indeed was most wretched. His father cursed him and Wilhelmina for *Canaille Anglaise*, "English Doggery," often refusing to let them come near him except at dinner-time, and then he threw plates at their heads. Once, before the queen, he repeated to Frederick the old story of the man about to be hung, who requested permission to whisper a last word to his mother, and, leave being granted, bit her ear off, because in boyhood she had encouraged him in a lie about his horn-book, and thus opened his path to the gallows. "Make the application," added the brutal monarch.

Frederick now began to meditate flight as the only escape from torment. He was seventeen years of age, yet he was flogged like an urchin of eight summers. He wrote to the queen that he was driven to extremity, and was resolved to put an end to it. He made confidants for his project of one or two young companions, one of them being Katte, whom we have seen in the music-room. This young man was in the army, and was highly connected, his father being a general who rose to be field-marshal. Young Katte had been sent to the universities, and intended for a lawyer; but finding no favor outside of the army, he had entered it, still retaining his love of books and music, which, with his ready wit and polished manners, rendered him a favorite with the prince. He was a free-thinker, too, and a libertine, as the prince was already. His looks, however, were not agreeable. He had a lowering, ominous visage, and was pitted by the small-pox. Frederick informed him of his plan, and the doomed man entered heartily into his royal friend's scheme to escape. His zealous aid, and the steadfast manner in which he subsequently met his fate, should be remembered. It was Frederick's determination to escape into France, and thence to England, where he doubtless imagined he would be received, and marry the Princess Amelia, to whom, in obedience to his mother's wishes, he had pledged his faith, and even declaring his firm purpose never to wed another. He communicated this resolve to Sir Charles Hotham, the English envoy specially sent to Berlin in place of old Dubourgay, recalled. Frederick wrote expli-

citly to Sir Charles that the reason of the king's opposition to the double marriage was, that he wished to keep him on a low footing constantly, and to have the power of driving him mad whenever the whim might take him. The prince also, in the same letter, reiterates his promise never to take any other wife than the Princess Amelia. The king consented to the marriage of Frederick of Hanover and Wilhelmina, and the crown prince seconded this view, hoping that his own would follow; but to all negotiations of such nature the English Cabinet returned answer, "Both marriages or none," and so none took place between the contracting parties. These thoughts of flight and marriage occupied the mind of the crown prince as he went with the king to the camp of Radewitz in June, 1730, the camp lying about ten miles to the southeast of the town of Mühlberg.

Ten square miles had been most thoroughly prepared for the camp, which, in newspaper parlance, was "gotten up regardless of expense"; the fact that Augustus the Strong was manager being a guaranty for its success. It was levelled and swept by engineers; all the villages were rubbed clean; in one was a large slaughter-house, where oxen were killed by scores, and a bake-house with one hundred and sixty bakers; in another was the playhouse; in another a post-office. Many wise heads and many more wiseacres wondered what all this was intended for; but it was only a diversion contrived by Augustus to display his own splendor, and kindly to entertain his royal relatives and guests. Three large temporary bridges were built across the Elbe; an immense pavilion was erected on rising ground for the accommodation of spectators of rank, and elegantly painted and gilded. On another knoll, and far more magnificent, was the *Haupt-Lager*, head-quarters, for their Prussian and Polish majesties, — quarters of green and gold woodwork, mingled with silken tents and tapestries, containing all the appointments of a palace, and much more. Splendidly furnished apartments, filled with mirrors, pictures, clocks, and sumptuous furniture, alternated with gardens and walks. Other quarters were fitted up with billiard and coffee rooms, while the troops were also well provided for. Notable people flocked to the camp. There

were the old Dessauer, and young Anspach, just married to Frederick William's daughter. Grumkow and Seckendorf were close by in the king's train, and no end of dukes, counts, and ladies, more or less distinguished; including the Duke of Mecklenburg, whose wife, as we have already mentioned, was the complaisant niece of Peter the Great, and was now dead; and the Orzelska, about to marry the Prince of Holstein-Beck, which she did, and deserted him two years afterward. All the details of the camp and its shows were right royally conducted and successful. Terrific sham-fights, attacks on intrenchments, artillery and cavalry manœuvres, bridges blown up, and naval tactics by a "fleet" upon the Elbe,—a fleet of shallops with silk rigging,—were all perfectly executed, King Augustus arranging everything, and driving his own curricule around every morning, to give orders for the day. The illumination of the Palace of the Genii, "a gigantic wooden frame, on which two hundred carpenters have been busy for above six months," was the most wondrous feat of pyrotechny of that, and perhaps of any other century, during which Augustus, seeing that it was a perfect success, and being tired, went to bed at midnight, leaving his fellow-king and the mob of dukes, counts, ladies, the army, and the common herd, to gaze at it until two in the morning. On the closing day of the ceremonies, there was an immense dinner given, the whole army dining in the open air, some thirty thousand men, making a brave show, and feasting upon eighty fat oxen, while three measures of beer and two of wine were served out to each man. Generous Augustus also gave the table, and all upon it, at which he and Frederick William and other magnates had been filled, to be scrambled for by the waiters and lackeys, some of them rigged out like Turkish Janizaries. Then their Majesties went out of the *Haupt-Lager*, and the colonels and officers of every regiment, preceded by the bands of music, came up the hill and saluted them, then drank the royal healths, while the bands discoursed eloquent music, and sixty pieces of artillery roared in chorus. Meantime Augustus's crowning work had been unveiled to the wonder of mortals. It was a cake twenty feet long, eight feet wide, and two thick, which, concealed under a tent, and guarded by cadets,

was drawn up to head-quarters by eight horses. There it was formally carved and served to the kings and councillors, the dukes and counts, thence down through the various grades of officers, until the remainder was demolished by the army. This was considered as the end of the show, Augustus having done enough for one season. He died about three years afterward, or he might have meditated even greater deeds. And so, "what shall we say of August? History must admit that he attains the maximum in several things. Maximum of physical strength; can break horseshoes, nay, half-crowns, with finger and thumb. Maximum of sumptuousity; really a polite creature; no man of his means so regardless of expense. Maximum of bastards," including Marshal Saxe and the Orzelska, "three hundred and fifty-four of them: probably no mortal ever exceeded that quantity. Lastly, he has baked the biggest bannock on record; cake with five thousand eggs in it, and a ton of butter. These things history must concede to him."

During all this festivity, the treatment of the crown prince by his father was infamous, although he was as much a guest of the king of Poland as Frederick William. Ranke says, that, attracting the regards of many strangers, he was yet "treated like a disobedient boy," and beaten without mercy. To add insult to injury, the king would mock him by taunts, saying, "Had I been treated so by my father, I would have blown my brains out; but this fellow has no honor,—he takes all that comes." Frederick, determined already on flight, had plans on foot in Berlin with Katte, and now made companionship with another young man, named Keith, who eventually fled the country and escaped to England. Frederick actually went to Count von Hoym, the Saxon first minister, and asked him, in a cursory way, if he could not obtain a sight of Leipzig, and get an order there for horses for a couple of officers without passes. Hoym at once suspected his plan, and advised him not to try it, merely saying, however, that they were very strict about passes. Keith was soon sent off to the garrison at Wesel, and the prince continued his correspondence with Lieutenant Katte, and also with Captain Guy Dickens, the British Secretary of Legation at Berlin, in which he com-



municated his plans of escape. Dickens was consequently sent off by Hotham to communicate this news to the British ministry. This was in June, 1738, while the camp festivities were going on. The prince was shortly to attend his father on a journey to Anspach, and to return by way of Stuttgart. Thence he would escape to Strasburg, on the French side of the Rhine, stay there awhile to divert suspicion from his mother, and then proceed to England, hoping that England would take steps to protect his sister. The answer to Hotham's missive was of first-rate diplomacy. The king was very sorry for the young prince; was not prepared to say that the step was or was not advisable. As to the stay in France, that should be well considered; and the crown prince was assured of his distinguished consideration. Hotham, recalled, left Berlin about a month afterward, Dickens being his successor. Frederick William was in a tornado of rage and regret, he having insulted the late ambassador in an audience, for which he made the most abject apologies; being in a savage fury also at the state of the marriage projects, double and single both being dead by this time, while his fear of Frederick's flight, and his suspicions of his wife and daughter, all contributed at the same moment, with strong liquors, to goad him to the ferocity of a tiger. As soon as Hotham had gone, Captain Dickens communicated the answer from England to the crown prince, meeting him and Katte "at the gate of the Potsdam palace at midnight," and still advising delay. The prince, however, was not disposed to delay, as in a few days he must start with his father. The prince put into Katte's hands a writing-desk, filled with important letters, a thousand ducats scraped together with difficulty, and even his travelling coat. Katte was to endeavor to join Keith, who was ready in waiting at Wesel.

On Saturday morning, July 15, 1730, the crown prince set out with his father on this memorable journey. They reached Anspach without incident, passing a short time there with the Margravine, Frederika Louisa. Frederick made no effort there, beyond asking the Margrave to lend him a pair of horses, which request was declined. He was strictly watched meanwhile by his three military attendants, General Buddenbrock,

Colonel Waldau, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow. At Anspach a letter reached him from Katte, saying that he could get no furlough, but would join him if possible without one. The same messenger who brought this from Erlangen conveyed also a note from Rittmeister Katte, the young officer's cousin, who suspected the plot, to Colonel Rochow, warning him as a friend to keep the strictest eye on his high charge. Several other attempts on the part of the crown prince failed completely. Page Keith, brother of Lieutenant Keith, accompanying the royal party, and privy to the designs of the prince, lost heart, and at Mannheim confessed the whole plan in an agony of fear. The king's rage was terrible; he told the three military attendants, that, if the Prince escaped, they should answer with their heads; but he dissembled before Frederick until he should have further proof. He said at Darmstadt, "Still here, then; I thought you would have been in Paris by this time." The prince coolly replied, "I could certainly, if I had wished." At Frankfort the prince found that he was not to enter the town, but to go directly on board of one of the royal yachts there. The king found news waiting for him at Frankfort. Rittmeister Katte had intercepted one of the prince's letters to his unfortunate cousin at Berlin, and deemed it his duty to lay the same before Frederick William. The monarch's fury now broke out. He went on board the yacht, and savagely abused and struck his son. At length the attendants took the prince on board another vessel, and they floated down the Rhine. Neither son nor sire was in a mood to enjoy its sublime scenery; nor did they predict steamboats and crowds of cockney tourists; nor imagine, as they glided past Ehrenbreitstein, that it would belong to Prussia in a hundred years. At Bonn the prince made Seckendorf his confidant, saying that, if the king would pardon his officers, he could bear his punishment, and begged Seckendorf to intercede for them. Here he also contrived to scrawl a line — "*Sauvez-vous, tout est decouvert*" — to Keith at Wesel, and to get it safely into the post-office, by aid of some anonymous friend. Keith received it, stayed not upon the order of going, but went at once, and safely reached England. Katte might have escaped also, as he was warned, but he lingered

and was arrested. 'At Wesel the king had another savage interview with his son; and as the prince proved less remorseful than was expected, the father drew his sword, and would probably have killed him but for old General Mosel, the Commandant of Wesel, springing between them, and exclaiming, "Sire, cut me to death, but spare your son." The prince was then removed to a separate room, and two sentries set to keep guard over him.

The fact of the prince's arrest carried terror into the royal family and to young Katte, who at once delivered the articles which Frederick had intrusted to him to Madame Finckenstein, who gave them to the queen. The writing-desk contained many of Frederick's letters, which would directly involve the queen and Wilhelmina. They must be destroyed and others substituted, and, to add to their trouble, there was no key to the desk, and a seal upon it. How to remove the letters, and replace them by others meaning nothing, was the puzzle. Woman's wit solved it, the historian does not say how; but the hundreds of fatal billets were conjured out and burned, when the queen and Wilhelmina went to work and hurriedly wrote others, vague as British royal speeches, so that papa when he tore the box open made nothing out of the contents. How about the handwriting? Was that not suspected? Or did the drunken old blockhead accept it all as Fritz's own? His rage against the queen and daughter exceeded all bounds; he cursed them with such passion, that he grew black in the face, his eyes darted fire, and his mouth foamed. He seized Wilhelmina, beat her in the face with his fist, knocked her down, and would have kicked her, but for the royal family rushing between them. Such a noise did these outrages make, that numbers of people stopped before the palace, when the guard turned out to disperse them. Katte, also, on coming into the king's presence and asking for mercy, was spurned and caned. Page Keith, who had confessed in good time, was packed into a regiment at Wesel, and there remained all his life. Of the crown prince and Wilhelmina when under arrest, the king saw nothing again for a full year. We can hardly have patience with Mr. Carlyle, when even these acts of the detestably brutal coward are excused. "The

poor king, except that he was not conscious of intending wrong, but much the reverse, walked in the hollow night of Gehenna all that while, and was often like to be driven mad by the turn things had taken."

Frederick was removed from Wesel to Mittenwalde, and there examined by Grumkow and other officials, bearing himself bravely, although reminded by the minister that the rack was not yet abolished in the Prussian dominions, and might be used if necessary to elicit information. The prince, in reply, told Grumkow that he was a scoundrel and a hangman to talk of his tools, though he said in after life that at the moment his blood ran cold. On the 5th of September he was sent to Cüstrin, about seventy miles east of Berlin. His sword had been taken from him at Wesel, and now he was confined to a bare room of the fortress, in a mean prison dress, — his allowance fixed at tenpence a day for food, to be cut up for him, — no knife allowed, no music, no books except the Bible and prayer-book, — light to be extinguished at seven, P. M. Wilhelmina was shut up in her apartments in the Berlin palace, closely guarded, happier even on her diet of hair-soup and putrid sauer-kraut, than in the presence of her father, who had so grossly outraged her as even to accuse her of a criminal intrigue with Katte, and of having had several children by him. Any one suspected by the king fared badly; several people high in rank and office, the Bülows and Knyphausens, were cashiered and packed off to Memel; Lieutenant Spaen, who did not keep strict watch enough on Katte, was broken, and shut up for a year in Spandau; a bookseller who had sold French works to the prince was also sent to Memel, and a poor girl, Doris Ritter, was whipped by the beadle and made to beat hemp for three years — for what? Because her singing had attracted the prince, and he had given her some music.

The crown prince's trial, as well as Katte's, commenced on the 25th of October, and in six days was concluded. The court consisted of a president, three major-generals, three colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, three majors, and three captains; also three "auditors" or judge advocates. The prince was pronounced guilty of desertion, and sentenced to death by all the members of the court except two major-generals, who dis-

sented and invoked pardon. Lieutenant Keith, as an actual deserter, was condemned to be hanged in effigy, quartered, and nailed to the gallows at Wesel. Katte, as only intending to desert, not actually deserting, was to be imprisoned in the fortress for two years. This mild punishment would not satisfy the savage vengeance of Frederick William. He insisted on Katte's being sentenced to death by decapitation, and the court accordingly pronounced such sentence. He insisted, too, that the crown prince should witness the cruel spectacle, and, according to most of the historians, he did behold it. Coxe and Mentzel both aver that he did; Coxe stating that he was forcibly held up to the window of his cell by four grenadiers, so as not to escape the horrible sight, — that he fainted before the axe fell, and on recovering saw the headless trunk. Carlyle relates that the execution took place out of the prince's sight, around an angle of the fortress; but if so, this mercy was owing to the officers, in tacit disobedience to the brutal king. Poor Katte bore himself bravely. On Sunday evening, November 5, it was intimated to him at Berlin that he must start at once for Cüstrin to die. Accompanied by his major, two brother officers, and a chaplain, he set off in a carriage, escorted by a troop of cavalry, and travelled all night. His friends sympathized with him, and he answered cheerily, at times joining in devotional singing. He arrived at dawn at Cüstrin, and at nine o'clock was led out to the scaffold, attired in a brown prison dress exactly like the prince's. "The prince is already brought down into a lower room," says Carlyle, and Katte, now attended by two chaplains, approached the window in the death-cart. In his agony of mind Frederick implored delay, that he might write to the king; but in vain, the order had gone forth. As Katte came on, Frederick called to him in French: "Pardon me, dear Katte; O that this should be what I have done for you!" "Death is sweet for a prince I love so well," replied the victim, and went to his doom, while the prince sank down in a swoon. By the royal order the body was exposed all day on the scaffold. At night it was buried obscurely in the churchyard, and some years after, when it was safe to do so, the remains were deposited near those of his family.

The sentence upon the crown prince created astonishment and horror throughout Europe, and direct remonstrance was made by the States-General, by Sweden, and by Great Britain; yet, in spite of the intercession of these high powers, the sentence would undoubtedly have been carried out, but for the protest of the Emperor. At length, three months after Frederick's arrest, it was announced to him that he was not to die. He, it appeared to the king, was submitting with a contrite spirit to the ghostly counsels of Chaplain Müller, and no longer refusing belief in "Predestination and the real nature of Election by Free Grace." It was now intimated to him, that, if he would take a solemn oath to obey his father in all things, he might yet have another chance of honor. He promised, and the oath was administered on Sunday, the 19th of November. He swore to cherish no resentment against the ministers; to undertake no journey without permission; to live in the fear of God; and to marry no princess but such as his father approved. This oath he also signed, when his sword was restored to him, his prison door was opened, and all present marched out to church, where they listened to a pointed and powerful sermon. He did not return to his prison, but to a town mansion, — in fact, a kind of small court of his own, with a major-domo and a few flunkies. He had regained his sword, but not his officer's uniform, and wore a gray frock with narrow silver cordings. Here he stayed, engaged principally in studies of political economy, for fifteen months, every motion watched, beset with spies and reporters, until the rage of his father was subdued, and the intriguers of the Tobacco Parliament began to suspect that there was more in him than they had imagined. No doubt, this period of trial did Frederick much good, giving him ample time for self-knowledge as to his position, his wants, and his capabilities. Meanwhile Wilhelmina, obeying her father's commands under the pledge of his forgiveness, signified to Grumkow and others, on the 11th of May, 1731, that she would marry the Prince of Baireuth; and, in spite of the queen's opposition, she was formally betrothed to him on the 3d of June following. The prince's circumstances gradually improved at Cüstrin. He was not allowed to go outside of the town, and his resources were very limited, but

the gentry of the neighborhood subscribed sums of money for his aid, and he found consolation in his books and his flute, which he managed to regain. A year and three days from his arrest, his father came to visit him. At this interview on the 15th of August, 1731, a reconciliation took place, and the prince enjoyed greater liberty. Not, however, until the 23d of November did he appear in Berlin, on the occasion of Wilhelmina's magnificent wedding,\* when she was overjoyed to see him, but found her caresses coldly returned. The prince looked proudly upon all, probably to assure them that his imprisonment had not broken his spirit. The next day he appeared on the parade, when crowds of people flocked to see him, and testified their joy. In a few days more he was again in uniform, that of the Goltz Regiment of Infantry, and on the 29th of February, 1732, he was commissioned to be Colonel Commandant of the said regiment, when he proceeded to Ruppin, where it was quartered, about forty miles northeast of Berlin.

In Ruppin and the neighboring Reinsberg were passed the next eight years of Frederick's life. He was now twenty years of age, and until the period of his accession, in 1740, he saw but little of the capital and its gayeties. We shall presently speak of his mimic court at Reinsberg. At Ruppin he was almost wholly occupied with his duties as a soldier, which he performed even to the satisfaction of his father. He here thoroughly studied the art of war, and laid the foundation of that military skill and genius which nerved him through the fearful crisis of the seven years' strife, when he fought undaunted the five great combined powers of Europe, ceding in the end not one inch of territory, and winning as a conqueror equal rank with Marlborough and with Wellington.

His own marriage was now approaching. His father, having decided on the Princess Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick-Bevern, wrote to Frederick in his rough manner, proposing the matter, saying plainly that she was nothing remarkable, neither ugly nor beautiful. He wished the Prince's views, and would endeavor to contrive two or three interviews before their mar-

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\* Not at the wedding itself, but at a ball in the Berlin palace two or three days afterward.

riage, so that he could become familiar with her looks. He also promised that Frederick should travel when he had a son, which he never had, nor daughter, for the best of reasons, as his wife was a wife only in name. Frederick at once acceded to his father's wishes, as it was not in his power to do otherwise; but in some of his letters to other parties he did not express his delight, and he hears, he says, that she is a mass of insipidity, and "given to pouting." Seckendorf and Austrian influence were, in fact, at the bottom of this marriage business; Elizabeth being a niece of the Empress, and the match, as it was thought, promising to prove a new bond on Prussia in favor of the Pragmatic Sanction, which did not happen to be the case when Frederick came to the throne and confronted Maria Theresa. Frederick, in order to please his father, affected much greater dislike of the union than he really felt; he expressed his fears that she was "too religious," and said that he would rather wed the greatest prostitute of Berlin than a devotee. He seems, in fact, to have made up his mind to yield to his fate as a necessity, although he felt a respect for his wife after knowing her; and, beyond his living apart from her, always treated her and spoke of her kindly. To Wilhelmina, especially, he opened his heart, writing, a fortnight after his betrothal: "As to 'kissing of the hands,' (a ceremony due to royalty,) I assure you I have not kissed them, nor will kiss them; they are not pretty enough to tempt one that way." Frederick was married to her on the 12th of June, 1733.

With but a short stay in Berlin the crown prince was again at Ruppin. His life was now comparatively a happy one. He found time to pursue his literary studies, history especially, of which he was passionately fond. He also plunged deep into military tactics, ancient and modern, having many conferences with the old Dessauer on those heads, and attentively perused, so as to learn by heart, the deeds of all celebrated generals, from Julius Cæsar to Charles XII. The princess, though a woman of little intellect and awkward manners, contrived soon to accommodate herself to her husband's ways. The king, although he now allowed them establishments of their own, maintained his frugal habits, so that Frederick, by no means wasteful, was obliged secretly to



borrow sums of money from England, Austria, and Russia, which he repaid on his accession. Frederick William gave him the mansion of Reinsberg, some miles from Ruppín, and this castle he proceeded to rebuild and adorn, gathering around him a select circle of literary companions, and attracting the attention of strangers to the charming abode. Frederick saw no real service in the field until after his accession, with the exception of the unimportant campaign of 1734, when he displayed intrepidity in reconnoitring the lines of Philipsburg, and rode unconcerned amidst a continuous discharge of cannon, some of the shot striking the trees just around him. We shall close this article with some notice of the life at Reinsberg, and the last days of "the sergeant king."

The crown prince and princess took up their residence at Reinsberg on the 6th of August, 1736, three years after their marriage. Hitherto the princess had resided in the Berlin Schloss, or in a country-house of her own at Schönhausen, while her husband was chiefly at Ruppín; according to the mode of life which he had formally adopted from the first, seeing little of her even as a state puppet. She always looked back through her long life on the four years at Reinsberg as the happiest portion of it; for, insipid as she was, she retained some poetical feeling. The architect Kemeter had rebuilt and enlarged the old castle for the use of the royal pair before they came to live in it. It was pleasantly situated on the edge of a small lake, one of a mesh of lakes, and was surrounded by "tilled fields, heights called 'hills,' and wood of fair growth." The building was of freestone, (still standing, though not used now,) quadrangular, with towers at each corner, and looking eastward over the town of Reinsberg. Its old formal orchards and gardens were enlarged and beautified by Frederick, and the house itself much improved and adorned on the lakeward side by a colonnade with vases and statues. The mansion contained a great deal of room, and was elegantly fitted up, without extravagance; and, beside stables and extensive offices of all kinds, there was another house built for the accommodation of guests, containing fifty lodging-rooms; also a theatre. The prince had his library in

one of the towers. There he wrote his letters, and a great deal of bad poetry. From this room he could saunter out into the colonnade among the statues and vases, and look over the lakes, the little islands, the beech woods and linden avenues stretching far away, and lighted up by the golden sunset which shone upon this side of the chateau. The princess's apartments were very fine, decorated and painted in a rich style of art; and surrounding the palace were gardens, grottos, artificial ruins, parks, rock-work, and orangeries. There was also a noble music-saloon, not to be forgotten by Frederick. Excepting his duties at Ruppin, within a morning's ride, the crown prince was now left master of his time, which he busily employed in reading, study, and writing, varied by music and the conversation of well-informed men. Daily, at a certain hour, a concert was performed; the musicians numbering from eighteen to twenty, the prince himself joining with his flute. Still, with his court and numerous retainers, Frederick's expenses at Reinsberg never reached \$15,000 a year. He had numerous visits to make, a large correspondence to keep up, and many other duties. He collected about him a literary set, nearly every one of whom, excepting Voltaire, who joined his circle at a later period, would now be forgotten but for their connection with the Prince. His correspondence with the celebrated Frenchman commenced as early as the second month of his Reinsberg life, Frederick's first letter being dated the 8th of August, 1736. Frederick's only literature was French; he did not understand a word of English, nor was he sufficiently acquainted with philosophic German to read it with pleasure. He had even a French translation made for him of Wolf's "Treatise on God, the Soul, and the World," finding the original too difficult. Of the German language, its riches and power, he had no conception, and it had in truth not yet been irradiated by the splendid genius of Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul. His admiration of Voltaire was therefore sincere; he could imagine no more sublime epic than the *Henriade*, nor nobler tragedies than *Cæsar* and *Alzire*. Voltaire's reply was equally complimentary, and thus began a correspondence, which, in spite of bitter quarrels and ridicule of each other's weaknesses, continued through their lives.

Voltaire favored the prince with a sight of his immortal manuscripts, and Frederick returned the honor in kind, at which the poet expressed intense gratitude, while venturing on a few corrections in grammar. In a complete copy of Frederick's works, kept in the library of Sans Souci, and marked with many notes in Voltaire's handwriting, one finds a marginal criticism on the word *plat*, occurring in three or four consecutive lines of the same poem: "Voici plus des plats que dans un très bon souper." This may serve as the key-note of his real opinions on all of Frederick's poetry. Voltaire was not the only favorite, though by far the greatest. The prince instituted a "Bayard order" of chivalry, the knights being his twelve chosen friends. These men were bitterly disappointed at his accession, when they found themselves no longer used nor useful; but while the Reinsberg life lasted, they eat, drank, and were merry.

The crown prince, as we have said, kept up a large correspondence, and his prose letters were always pointed and lively. One of them, cited by Carlyle, gives a most amusing account of a morning call he made not far from Reinsberg, on the family of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, at Mirow. He writes to his father, that he rode to Mirow and went directly to the palace, a very small one, with a rampart around it, and an old tower in ruins which served for a gateway. Getting upon the drawbridge, he saw a man sitting down, busily knitting, although in a grenadier's uniform, his musket and equipments lying on the ground beside him. The prince passed him in spite of his challenge, whereupon the man jumped up in a passion, ran to the ruin, and called out his half-dressed corporal, who, not knowing Frederick, scolded him for passing the sentry. These two composed all the military force about the palace, at the door of which the prince now beat for some time in vain. At length it was opened by a very old woman, who, terrified at the sight of strangers, slammed it in the face of Frederick and his attendants, who then went off to the stables. Here they learned that the young prince and his wife had gone a few miles off to visit some relatives, and, in order to do so with greater credit, had carried off his whole household, the hall porters

and lackeys as well as higher functionaries, the gold and silver sticks (imitation only at Mirow), leaving nobody in the Schloss but the one old woman. Very much amused, Frederick took horse again and galloped after his hosts. He at length came up with them, and they all returned to dinner together at the Schloss. No sooner there, than Frederick was entertained with the misfortune that had come upon the head cook, who with a cart full of provisions had been upset and had his arm broken, so that he could not dress the dinner, and short commons were the result. There was not a word of truth, as Frederick maliciously discovered by inquiry, in this story; it was a stratagem worthy of Caleb Balderston when the Lord Keeper and Lucy Ashton visited the Master of Ravenswood. The royal banquet was worse than the fare of the "Three Crowns" of Potsdam; but the royal party were so well pleased with the prince's visit, that they offered to return it, and did return it very often, taking all the court as usual along with them to Reinsberg. This ludicrous picture of one of the thousand and one German principalities, before the French Revolution, and still one of the thirty-two principalities, is not without its moral. Out of this really abject poverty came at a later date "old Queen Charlotte" of blessed memory, and from old Queen Charlotte came the present reigning family of England. We can readily believe that many loyal John-Bulls think very unkindly of Mr. Carlyle for thus recalling the poverty of the illustrious house of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

Details of Frederick's life at Reinsberg are unfortunately scarce, but such strangers as visited the prince, and have left any remembered record, describe the place as charming, and presume that his life was equally so. He went to Holland with his father in the summer of 1738, and at Brunswick on his return was made a free-mason. The reader will also learn, to his great satisfaction, that during the same summer Field-Marshal Seckendorf, who, with Grumkow, should long since have been hanged, having fallen into disgrace with the Emperor for letting a fine army waste away without fighting, found himself imprisoned at Grätz, where he stayed a long time, to Frederick William's extreme sorrow. In 1739, the last

year of the Reinsberg life, was completed Frederick's once famous anti-Machiavel treatise, a labored refutation of the Italian's "Prince." This work, formerly extolled to the skies, would now be forgotten even by name, but for its royal author, and its great reviser and proof-reader, Voltaire. Its theories would win praise from a modern progressive democrat, but it only proves that a despot, as Frederick was, may write and act very differently, especially as it was not published until after his accession, when from the first he manifested his imperious will without scruple. During that same summer of 1739, King Frederick William, accompanied by his son, made his last journey into East Prussia, and returned home ill. He never recovered; but we really cannot follow or sympathize with Mr. Carlyle in his pathetic account of the brute's dying speeches and confessions, the bulletins through the negro to Grumkow, and the moans of the Tobacco Parliament. He died on the 31st of May, 1740, within three months of his fifty-second birthday, and on the 4th of June was buried at night by officers of the Potsdam giants. On the 23d of the same month a grand funeral ceremony was performed over his *quasi* coffin, and on that same night the whole four thousand giants were disbanded, and known no more as grenadiers.

Let us endeavor to do Frederick William justice. His economical reforms were needed, though pushed to an absurd extent. He collected a noble army, and amassed treasure, both of which came into play during the next reign. He kindly welcomed the Salzburg Protestants, driven by religious bigotry from their own country, — as his grandfather, the Great Elector, had received the French refugees, — and his charity was well repaid. Beyond the reach of his cane, his subjects were generally happy. But he was a blockhead and a tyrant. He left entirely unsettled several important claims, which it required only a firm front to secure; he was the dupe of Austrian intrigue; in many cases he oppressed the people of Berlin by forcing them to build expensive houses against their will; and he created much mischief and unhappiness in recruiting his regiment of four thousand useless monsters. His private character requires no further comment at our hands.

In conclusion, we have to thank Mr. Carlyle most heartily

for his great work. In the preparation of this article we have reperused the larger part of the two volumes, with renewed pleasure in their learning, careful research, profound philosophy, picturesque and vivid description, and inexhaustible wit. We shall eagerly look for the succeeding volumes, with the full portraiture of Frederick II. On their appearance, we propose a renewal of our task, reviewing, in contrast with the apprenticeship of the crown prince, the trials and triumphs of the warrior and the king.

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## ART. XII.—CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Afternoon of Unmarried Life*. From the last London Edition. A Companion to "Woman's Thoughts about Women." New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1859. pp. 343.

THIS work, though bearing strong outward resemblance to the very popular little volume by Miss Mulock, is really by the author of "Morning Clouds." In some respects the tone of thought is similar in the two writers, and their minds have evidently gone over the same paths, and arrived at the same healthful conclusions. But in breadth of treatment and force of expression, as well as in the grasp of intricate problems and brave attack upon difficulties, Miss Mulock is far the superior of the two. The quiet and somewhat diffident aspect of the present volume will add to its charm, with many of those to whom it is especially addressed. The author is evidently embodying the result of long and careful thought upon the topics of which she treats; and if the extravagant utterances of our more valiant champions for Woman's Rights have done harm to the cause, they have also done some indirect service, by drawing more conservative and better-balanced minds into the same field. We rejoice at every new word spoken in behalf of this especial class of women, which asserts with dignity their worth as a social power, and serves to break down the restraints and the ridicule with which they have too often been helplessly surrounded. The volume before us contains a great deal of sound common-sense, and gives excellent counsel on many points. We heartily commend it for the kindness of its intention and the frankness of its speech on matters concerning which silence has ceased to be wisdom.